I knew both sets of platitudes

    but when the Captain
    rammed a shotgun in

    my belly, I bombasted
  the wrong one. He shifted

    it to my temple to trip
  downstairs. (“Not here…be
a nice apartment for someone.”)

  When we reached the street
a HUMVEE of AK47s ripped past,
slicing my antagonists in half.

  I’m in prison till my story
    checks out. It has been
twelve years. Successive regimes

have emptied this building via
    amnesties. Alone now,

I support three shifts of guards.
  Their wives bake me treats
    almost every day.